

# The Lost Children Of Babylon - The Great Depression Lyrics

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[Intro]

I don't have to tell you things are bad.  
Everybody knows things are bad.  
It's a depression.  
Everybody's out of work or scared of losing their job.  
The dollar buys a nickel's work.  
Banks are going bust.  
Shopkeepers keep a gun under the counter.  
Punks are running wild in the street.  
And there's nobody anywhere who seems to know what to do.  
And there's no end to it.

[Verse 1]

Modern money mechanics  
of the fraction the federal reserve loaned out of loans  
this principal is absurd  
government bonds it's bondage  
instruments of debt  
working class mouths to feed got no subsistence left  
so to make ends meet they submit to employment  
treasury manage liability deployment  
wage slave trade of the federal deficit  
no predetermined limit  
bad let it get

[Interlude]

We know the air is unfit to breathe and our food is unfit to eat,  
and we sit watching our TV's,  
while some local newscaster tells us that today,  
we had fifteen homicides and sixty-three violent crimes,  
as if that's the way it's supposed to be.  
We know things are bad - worse than bad.  
They're crazy.  
It's like everything everywhere is going crazy,  
so we don't go out anymore.

[Interlude]

I don't want you to protest.  
I don't want you to riot,  
I don't want you to write to your congressman  
because I wouldn't know what to tell you to write.  
I don't know what to do about the depression a  
And the inflation and the Russians and the crime in the street.  
All I know is that first you've got to get mad.  
You've got to say, 'I'm a HUMAN BEING, Goddamnit!  
My life has VALUE!'

So I want you to get up now. I want all of you to get up out of your chairs.

I want you to get up right now and go to the window.

Open it, and stick your head out, and yell, 'I'M AS MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ANYMORE!'

I want you to get up right now, sit up, go to your windows, open them and stick your head out and yell - 'I'm as mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore!' Things have got to change. But first, you've gotta get mad!... You've got to say, 'I'm as mad as hell, and I'm not going to take this anymore!' Then we'll figure out what to do about the depression and the inflation and the oil crisis. But first get up out of your chairs, open the window, stick your head out, and yell, and say it: "I'M AS MAD AS HELL, AND I'M NOT GOING TO TAKE THIS ANYMORE!"